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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

THE Anniversary of our Independence comes this month. After centuries of bondage we achieved freedom on August 15, 1947.

On the eve of freedom "Chandamama" made its first appearance. In July 1947 it came out in Telugu and Tamil—a tiny baby with a great future. As the country grew from strength to strength our "Chandamama", too, grew in strength, intelligence and appeal. It picked up other languages and became a favourite of the young nation.

Another great need of the modern world is Peace. And how glad we are that our young nation is playing such a magnificent role in easing what is called "world tension"! How proud we are of our Prime Minister, the world's Peace Hero!

Vol. 1

AUGUST 1955

No. 2



A TALE OF THE NEVA

On the banks of the Neva,
Under a spreading tree
Lived a pair of doves
In mirth and jollity.

Beneath the tree a cobra
Made an ant-hill its stay,
A wily creature was he
Adept in hunting prey!

One day the cobra caught
The male bird unawares



And swallowed him greedily!
Such is fate! Who cares!

The female bird in boundless
Sorrow wept and wailed.
In pity and sympathy
A water-lily paled!

But the cobra in the ant-hill
Its greed and need unsated
Desired to hunt and eat
The other bird and waited.

In cautious stealth at night
The cobra crept quickly





Story Poem

River-fish as the moon
Shone on the waters dancing,
With infinite admiration
The cobra spread its hood
Before the dove and humbly
Vowed his gratitude.

That is how the river Neva
Transforms hate into love;
Cruelty into kindness;
Hawk or snake into a dove!

To climb the tree, when lo!
He stumbled on thorns prickly!
The thorns pierced his eyes!
Unbearable was the pain,
Strange to say, the dove
Pecked out the thorns again!
Could one believe it! The dove
Helping its mortal foe!
"Wonderful!" cried a parrot.
A cuckoo said, "That is not so,
It is hate repaid with love."
"Quite so!" agreed a prancing



ONCE King Parikshit of Ayodhya went a hunting. He saw a stag and chased it. It ran and ran till the king was completely separated from his men. Presently the stag disappeared. And the king could not find trace of it.

As the king stood irresolutely he heard a sweet melody which filled him with joy. He went towards the source of this music and saw a very beautiful young lady. He found her as much a treat to his eyes, as her song was to his ears.

"Who are you?" the king asked the young lady. "Why are you alone here? Who is your husband?"

"I am not married," she replied. "My name is Sobhana."

"Really?" said the king, greatly pleased. "Will you be my wife?"

"I will," said the young lady, "if you promise never to take me near water."


Making the required promise, the king married Sobhana and lived with her happily for some time.

One day he was taking the air with his wife in the gardens when they came near the bathing pool. The king forgot his promise and asked his wife to have a bath along with him. The moment Sobhana entered the pool she disappeared. He anxiously had the pool searched. His servants came upon a giant frog.

The king suspected that this frog must have swallowed his wife. He gave a peremptory order that all frogs in his kingdom should be destroyed.

Having heard about this cruel order the Frog King rushed to Ayodhya and said to King Parikshit:

"O King, Sobhana is my daughter. I took her home, not knowing that she had married you. Do stop killing frogs, I beg you. I shall restore Sobhana to you." Which he did.



HARI'S LUCK

ONCE a great Pandit was blessed with a son in his late years. He named him Hari. Now, in Sanskrit, the word *Hari* means several things like the sun, the air, the moon, the lion, the horse, the snake, the parrot, the frog and so on. The Pandit sensed that his son was far from intelligent and kept calling him, "You dirty frog!" instead of "Hari."

Hari grew up, got married and raised a huge family. Finding his native village too small for his family, Hari migrated to a big city. He found employment in a rich man's house. While Hari did menial work, his wife cooked and his children tended the cattle of the rich man.

After some time the rich man's daughter happened to be married.

For this marriage great preparations were set afoot and guests arrived by the thousand. Poor Hari dreamed that he would do justice to the feasts that were to follow the marriage ceremony. But to his great disappointment Hari was not even invited.

Hari, crest-fallen, said to himself, "This rich man ignored me only because I am poor and stupid. It is not easy to pretend to be rich but many persons succeed in appearing to be clever. Let me do the same."

That night when everyone was sleeping soundly, Hari led the horse of the bridegroom to the city limits where he tied it to a tree, came back and went to sleep.

When he woke up next morning there was a great commotion.



The bridegroom's horse was not to be found. Instigated by Hari, his wife went to the rich man and said, "Master, they say that some horse is missing. Why not ask my husband? He is an expert diviner of lost properties."

The rich man called Hari and asked him to find out where the stolen horse was. Hari drew some lines on the ground, counted upon his fingers, muttered some calculations and said, "The horse was stolen in the night. At the moment it is tied to a tree near the southern city limit. If somebody

is sent there at once the horse is likely to be recovered."

All this turned out to be true. Hari was praised all round for his great powers. The rich man showed as much regard to him as to his other honoured guests. Hari not only enjoyed the pleasures of the marriage feast but also got a promotion as an adviser to the rich man.

Shortly afterwards there was a theft in the king's palace and some costly ornaments were lost. Fame is at times a risky thing. The king sent for Hari who became well-known for his divining powers. Hari asked the king to give him one day. He was shown a room in the palace in which he could make his calculations unmolested. Hari felt that the king was imprisoning him.

Now this theft in the palace was carried out by a palace maid popularly called "The Tongue," and her brother. The maid was full of fear lest Hari should find out her theft. That night She tiptoed to the room of Hari and listened at the door.

Meanwhile Hari too was greatly agitated about what would happen. In the morning the king would send for him and punish him. All this was because of his tongue which craved for the rich man's feast. Hari cursed it heartily, "You, accursed tongue! What have you done? You will know better when you are torn to pieces by the king."

The Tongue who was listening at the door went cold all over. Sweating with fear she pushed the doors open, rushed in and fell at Hari's feet.

"Good sir, spare me this once. Do not let me be killed, I pray you," she wailed.

Hari knew that luck was now with him. "Don't weep, woman. I gain nothing by punishing you. Tell me where you have hidden the stolen stuff. I shall spare you," said he.

The Tongue thanked Hari profusely and said, "I've hidden them in the garden at the base of the pomegranate tree."

Hari sent the maid away and waited till morning. Then he went to the minister and said,



“Let us go and get the stolen ornaments.”

Of course, they were found buried at the base of the tree as mentioned by the maid. The king was very much impressed and employed Hari in his court.

However, the minister was far from satisfied with Hari. For one thing, Hari appeared too illiterate and unpolished to have any powers at all. To prove to the king that Hari had no divining powers at all, the minister put a frog in a pot and sealed its mouth. He presented it to Hari when he was with the king, and said, “Sir, with your extraordinary powers you can certainly tell us what is in this pot?”

Hari was completely taken by surprise. When Hari was a boy his father used to test his studies

by asking him questions. Hari used to feel the same unpleasant sensation as he now felt when he could not answer any question. And his father used to exclaim, “Ah, you dirty frog, I got you!”

The same words now flew out of the mouth of the baffled Hari. He said, “Ah, you dirty frog, you are caught now!”

The minister was not prepared for such powers in Hari. He fell at his feet and said, “Sir, your powers are beyond the understanding of anyone. Pardon me for having suspected them.” Then he unsealed the pot and revealed the frog in it.

Hari was not only saved from a very nasty situation but also he was never again put to a test and he lived happily and prosperously for a long time.





2

[Chitrasen, the king of the Isle of Kundalini reduced the taxes in order to become popular with his subjects. But this led to shortage of funds in the royal coffers. To fill them up again, the commander-in-chief, Samarsen raised an army and set out in ships to cross the ocean and loot other lands. As the armada started a huge comet appeared in the sky]

SLOWLY the shore receded and the ships sailed into the calm waters under a favourable wind. The soldiers, too, slowly came out of the gloom of separation from their kith and kin and the spirit of adventure began to possess them strongly.

The commander-in-chief, however, was not in full spirits. He

sat in a corner of his ship gazing at the comet in the south-east. Seen against the background of the sea it looked much bigger and much more menacing. The warning of the royal astrologer was still ringing in his ears. Between the "ill-omen" and its victims there were only the deep, dark waters of the ocean.



Even as Samarsen was looking at the comet, dark clouds appeared on the horizon and began to cover it. The sky became darker every minute and the ocean began to grumble and growl as in anger. The high spirits of the soldiers disappeared fast, yielding place to vague fears. They knew that the armada started in an inauspicious moment. Their hearts began to fill with anger upon those who were responsible for it.

The whole venture appeared to them now as ill-conceived,

ill-advised and ill-fated. Goddess Kundalini lifted Her hand in the sky, warning them not to start but the foolish Samarsen ignored the warning. Now they were all going to die miserably, drowned in the sea. It was not a death fit for a soldier nor one fit for a coward. So many lives were going to be wasted for nothing.

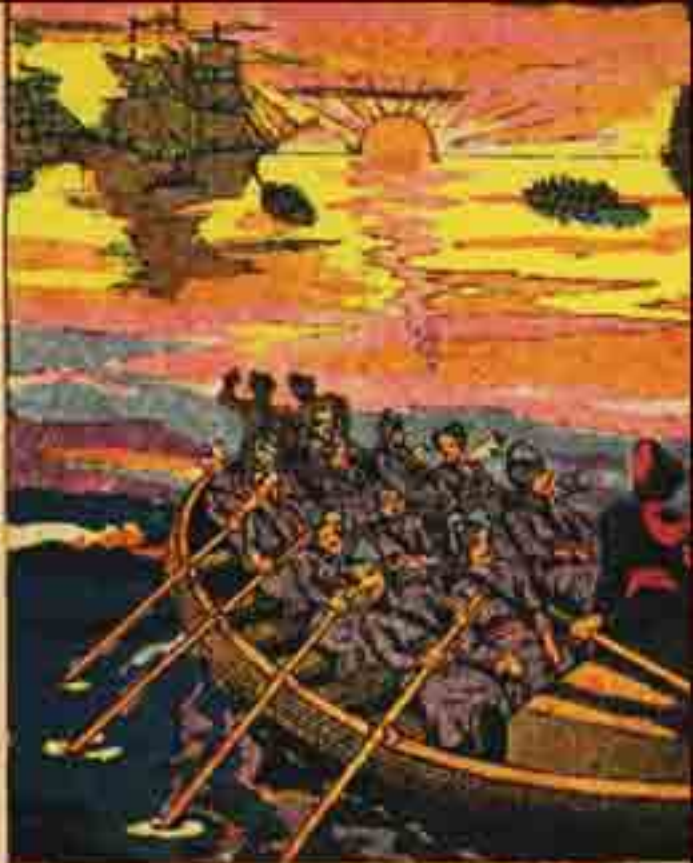
The men began to scowl darkly, look at each other and growl angrily. Some of them began to whisper to each other looking around cautiously. It was clear that their minds were full of dark thoughts.

The commander of the ships approached Samarsen and warned him about mutinous trends among the soldiers. But Samarsen said, "Tell the men that, as long as Mother Kundalini looks after them and Samarsen leads them, they need fear nothing."

This message appeared to have some effect on the men for a

short time but when a strong gale was added to the rough sea and a stormy sky, their courage soon left them. Gradually the gale gathered strength and it became a terrible job to keep all the ships going together. They began to sway dangerously and run against each other. The smaller ones capsized and the larger ones, flung against one another and got smashed up. There was a great commotion among the men who began to seek safety as best they could.

The storm raged and the sea lashed the entire day. One night slipped into another without a glimpse of daylight. The men were in a panic, physically fighting the fury of the elements. They clung to anything that came to hand in order to survive, in order to escape drowning in the waters. Some swam desperately to reach the nearest boat or floating wreckage. Some were dashed against the very boats



which they were seeking, lost consciousness and sank.

Samarsen did not know and could not find out exactly what was happening to his expedition. His ship was sturdy and it suffered very little from the storm. Only the coming of day light would reveal the extent of loss of ships and men. Until then Samarsen could only wait and pray to the Goddess Kundalini.

By dawn the storm was spent, the sky cleared and the waters calmed. In the quiet of the



morning Samarsen went up to the deck of his ship and looked around. He could see that approximately half the ships and half the men were destroyed by the storm. The surviving ships were scattered over a very wide area across the waters.

Samarsen ordered his sailors to drop anchor and sent signals to the surviving ships to approach his ship. When all the ships gathered together the surviving soldiers presented themselves before their commander and saluted. There was not one among them who did not fight valiantly against death. They were not yet certain that they had stepped out of the danger zone.

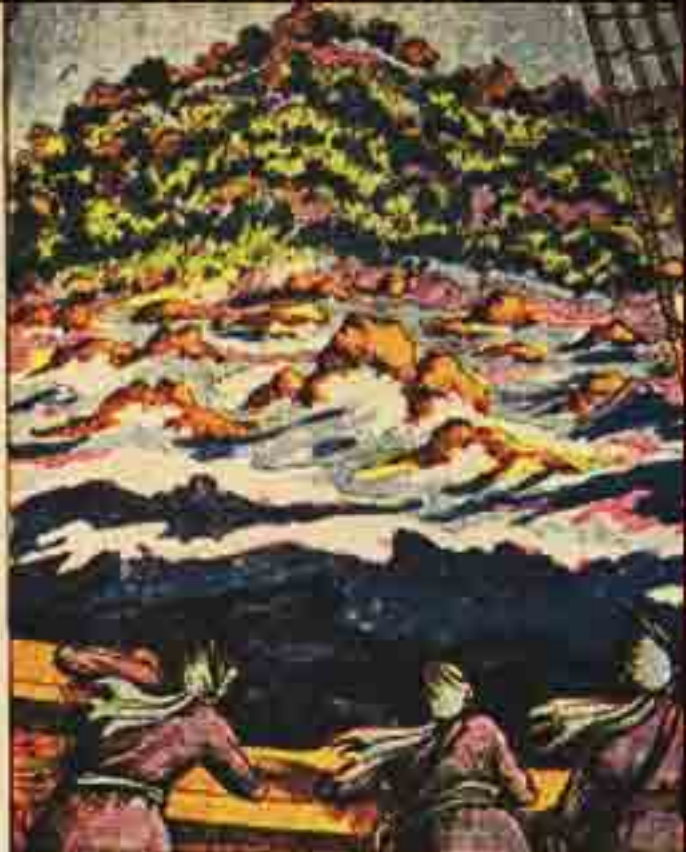
Samarsen could see that the men had had a rough time on the sea and they would not consider themselves out of danger until they set foot on land. He ordered a sailor to climb up the mast and look for land. The sailor reached the top of the mast and

peered all round and at last shouted down, "I see no land. But I see birds flying in the eastern sky."

Hearing this Samarsen cried, "Hail to Mother Kundalini." The cry was taken up by the men. Hope and courage returned to their hearts and they were very anxiously waiting for the sight of land.

Guided by the sailor on top of the mast the ships steered a straight course in the direction in which birds were seen. Hour after hour passed but there was no land in sight. It was evening. The sun was about to set. The soldiers began to fear that they would be spending one more night on the sea when, suddenly, the man up the mast shouted "Land ahoy!"

The men were wild with joy. They strained their eyes for a precious glimpse of it and presently their wish was fulfilled. By the time the ships approached



within reach of the shore the sun had already set and there was very little daylight left.

Samarsen guessed that the land before him was an island. From the little he could see, he found it to be a strange type of island. Steep hills were jutting out into the sea forming narrow creaks. There were unfamiliar trees on the hills and strange creatures appeared to be prowling under those trees.

The men were for landing on the island at once but Samarsen



gave strict orders that not a soul should leave the ships until next morning.

Even when morning came Samarsen would not permit anyone to step on land before he made a good survey of the island first. For this purpose he selected six brave and able men to follow him, for none could tell what dangers might be awaiting them on this mysterious island.

Samarsen and his six followers got into a small canoe and rowed ashore. The entire coast appeared

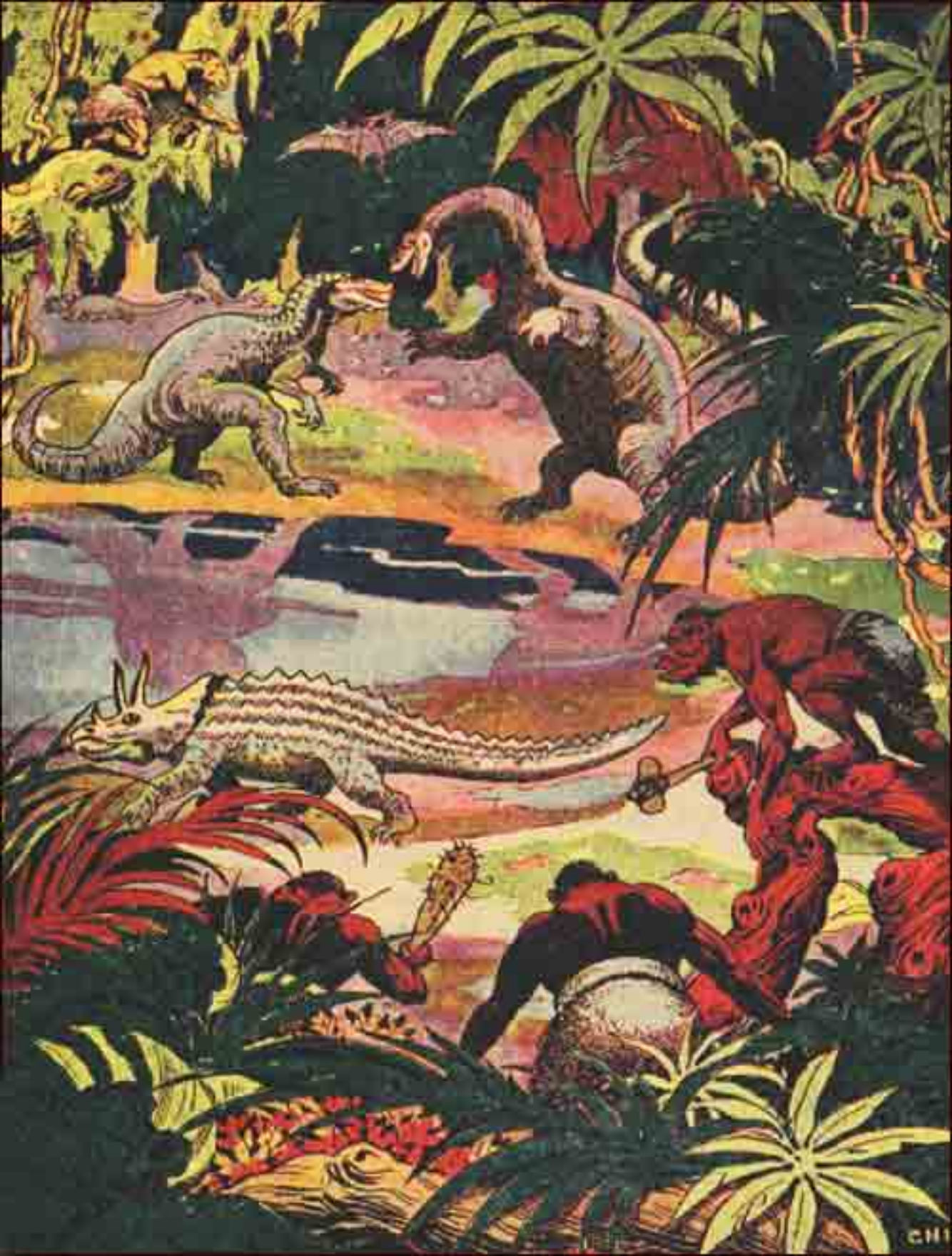
to be deserted. This, however, did not mean that somebody or other was not hiding behind some tree, ready to pounce upon the intruders. So Samarsen drew his sword and led the way while the others followed behind him.

After they walked some distance into the hills they heard a frightening roar which chilled their blood.

The men said to Samarsen, "Commander, even a lion cannot roar so fearfully. Which animal could have produced this sound the like of which we have never heard in our life?"

Samarsen agreed with them but did not say so. He walked further to investigate the sound, and the others followed him very close. Presently they emerged out of closely growing trees and came upon a scene which no mortal man had ever witnessed.

In front of them down below lay a huge swamp. In it and around it odd trees were growing



up. Several monstrous creatures of unheard of and nightmarish shapes were scattered all round in the swamp. In a huge clearing a couple of giant beasts were fighting and making awesome sounds.

Witnessing the fight several man-like apes were on the trees. Some of them had very primitive stone hammers and clubs in their hands.

Samarsen told his followers, "We are in the presence of some of the prehistoric monsters which somehow manage to live on here still. Look at those apes on the trees. They are really human beings of the Stone Age. Such creatures existed in other parts

of the earth millions and millions of years ago."

To each one of them it was clear that money was not likely to be obtained on such a primitive island. It was irony of fate that these people who came in search of wealth should arrive at a place where wealth was only a gift of nature. Wealth as civilized man understood it had no place here. At any rate, that was how Samarsen and his men felt, looking upon their strange surroundings.

While they were watching the fight down below, there was a terrific stamping on their side. They saw a huge mammoth running in their direction while two lions chased it. *(To be continued)*





THE BRAVE GIRL

A merchant of Patna had a daughter called Kirti. She was married to a rich, young man of Magadh. Devsen was his name. His father was dead and his mother managed the house. This lady became very jealous of the love her son showed to his wife. She began to give all sorts of pin-pricks to Kirti. But that girl endured her mother-in-law's treatment without letting her husband know about it.

It so happened that Devsen had to go to Valabhi on some trade. Dreading to be left alone with her cruel mother-in-law until his return, Kirti informed him how she was being ill-treated by her.

Devsen was surprised to hear this. But taking his wife along

with him was out of the question and he told his mother suggestively, "Mother, I am leaving. Your daughter-in-law is a delicately nurtured girl. I depend upon you to keep her happy till I return."

"Don't I know that, son?" the mother said. "She is as dear to me as you are."

Devsen went away with an easy heart. At once the old witch fell to beating Kirti, saying, "Wretch, how dare you try to make a rift between me and my son? Well, I must teach you a lesson."

The heartless mother-in-law threw Kirti into the dark, underground cellar and locked the door. She hoped that her daughter-in-law would be starved to



death before her son returned and she could report to him that the poor girl died of grief due to separation from him.

Kirti gave herself up to weeping for a very long time, sitting in the dark cellar. She had a father of great renown, a husband to lay down his life for her, any amount of riches and yet fate had brought her to such a miserable state.

Slowly she began to feel around in the cell and found a short crow-bar. Her spirits rose at once and she began to dig a

passage out of the cellar. Soon this passage brought her to her own bedroom.

Kirti hastily took up a few clothes and jewels that came to hand, tied them up in a bundle and left the house under cover of darkness. She could go to her father at Patna. But that would involve all sorts of explanations and, also, her husband would be disgraced. She thought that it was better for her to go to Valabhi and join her husband.

Kirti had a bath in a tank. Then she dressed herself up like a man, returned to the village, sold some of the jewels for expenses and started for Valabhi. On the way she came across a trader called Samudra-dutt who was also going to Valabhi.

This trader was taking a huge caravan with him. If he went by the regular route he would have to pay out large sums of money by way of taxes in every city. To avoid this the trader led his caravan through the jungle.

They travelled all day and camped in a certain part of the

jungle for the night. After dark the jackals began to howl in the distance—a sure sign of the movement of bandits. The trader's men took up arms and took their positions around the camp. Kirti was more afraid of being discovered as a woman than of losing her life. She could not depend on the trader for her safety. She searched about for a hiding place and at last found a pit. She jumped into it and covered herself with dry leaves.

The bandits came about midnight. There was a ferocious

fight in which the bandits killed most of the men, drove away the rest and took away the merchandise of the trader, who died in the fight.

Kirti stayed in the pit till daybreak. Then she started walking till she reached a tribal village. Here she saw an odd thing. A sick man was made to sit in the sun. A doctor smeared the patient's head with ghee. He placed a water-pot by the side of the patient. Then he arranged a bamboo tube with one end dipping into the water in the pot





while its other end was adjusted to the patient's ear which was swollen and red.

Even as Kirti was looking the ailing ear changed its colour and the patient's face showed less pain. The doctor lifted up some worms from the pot and showed them to the people who gathered there. They were the cause of the patient's trouble. Because of the heat of the sun they crept out and sought the coolness of the pot.

"King Vasudutt is suffering from similar worms," said the

tribal doctor. "But he would rather die than be cured by the like of us."

Kirti marvelled at what she had seen. She proceeded on her journey and presently met a shepherd with a flock. "Do you know where King Vasudutt lives?" she asked him.

"There you can see the city," said the shepherd, pointing with his finger. "All this jungle is his property."

Kirti was anxious to reach this city because this was the end of the jungle route. It appeared that most of the traders used this route and her husband too might return this way. She could wait for him in this city. She would treat the king who was said to be suffering from an inflamed ear and get into his favour. In return the king might provide her husband with a safe convoy through the jungle.

Thinking in this vein Kirti arrived in the city and went to the palace. The king was indeed in a precarious condition. The doctors had already given up

hope. Kirti who was still in male garb undertook to cure the king and she was permitted to do so. She repeated the treatment she had seen at the tribal village and the king was relieved of not less than a hundred-and-fifty worms. The king's recovery was both quick and miraculous. He was put on a diet of milk and ghee.

Kirti was showered with praise and gifts by one and all. She saved all these gifts carefully. Soon Devsen arrived at this city with his caravan, even as Kirti

expected. The arrival of a new caravan was always a big event to the people of the city. Some people would go to see the novelties, others to make profitable business and still others to sell whatever they had to sell.

It was formal for the king to pay a goodwill visit to each caravan, take a few gifts and bless the trader. While going to meet Devsen's caravan the king requested Kirti to accompany him. Though she was in male garb Devsen easily identified her by her beautiful eyes.



There was no longer any need for Kirti to remain dressed as a man. After all her troubles and tribulations she found her dear husband. Kirti narrated her experiences with her mother-in-law, the bandits and so on. Even the king could not help shedding a tear on hearing her tale.

Devsen was very angry that his mother should break her promise to him and ill-treat his beloved wife.

"I hoped that Kirti was going to be my son. But now she is my daughter and she shall succeed to my throne. As for you, young man, you may as well settle in this place and carry on with your trade. I cannot let you go," the king said.

Kirti suggested that Devsen should send for his mother but

he flatly refused. He could not look at her face any more.

Kirti was showered with heaps of gifts which she kept safe with her. One day she took them in a cart and, accompanied by her husband, went to the tribal village in the jungle.

The tribal doctor was sent for. "O, eminent doctor," said Kirti, "the king sends you these gifts for having cured him. They are all yours."

The doctor could not recall having ever cured the king of any illness. While he gazed in wonder at the retreating figures of Kirti and her husband the tribal people picked up from the gifts whatever they wanted. There was nothing wrong in it because in the tribe what belonged to one belonged to all.





FOUR POETESSES

ONE day four young maidens paid a visit to the court of King Bhoja, the great patron of poets and pandits. These girls had completed their studies at Banaras and were returning back to their homes in order to get married, as they were now of marriageable age.

When they stepped into court every one was surprised at their uncommon beauty. They were all dressed alike and their community could not be identified from their appearance or bearing.

"What community do you belong to?" King Bhoja asked them.

"O King, though we talk alike and dress alike we belong to different communities. But with renowned pandits at your com-

mand it should be quite easy for you to find out what communities we belong to," the girls said.

This was a challenge to King Bhoja and his pandits. But when the king looked around it was evident that the task was not going to be easy for the intellectuals of his court. King Bhoja turned to his fair guests and said, "All of you are going to enjoy our hospitality for three days. In the meantime, no doubt, our pandits will be able to discover the various communities to which you belong."

The girls smiled and bowed to the king not only to acknowledge the honour but also accepting the challenge. They spent their time at court, freely partaking in the discussions. Neither their

talk, nor their intelligence, betrayed their origins. The pandits of the court failed miserably to unravel the mystery of their birth.

Two days elapsed.

Kalidas, the best of Bhoja's collection of gems, determined to meet the challenge of these girls by a ruse. The second night he covered himself in a rug and lay down on the pial outside the girls' lodge. He hoped to discover the truth by overhearing their private talk. However, he was sorely disappointed. The night was almost spent. The

streaks of light heralding the dawn adorned the sky in the east and Kalidas was about to return home, when he saw the four girls go up to the window facing the east.

One of the girls began to recite,
अम् आशी विभा रसपति रिव प्रादय कलकम्
(The East has taken on the colour of gold-in-mercury.)

Immediately another girl said,
मन्त्रलाय चन्द्रो मुपजन इव माम्म सदसि
(The Moon pales like a learned man in an assembly of fools.)

The third girl said,

क्षणात् क्षीणा स्तारा दृपतय इवा मुपमपराः



(Like kings who lost their enterprise the stars disappear.)

The fourth one said,

न राजन्ने दीपा द्विषिरहिताना मिव गृहाः ।

(The lamps lose their lustre like the homes of the poor.)

Kalidas was immensely pleased upon hearing the four girls describe the dawn as they did.

He went home and later attended the court as usual. There King Bhoja said to his court, "These learned damsels have been amidst us for three days. They had thrown a challenge to all of you to find out their origins. If anyone has succeeded let him come forward. If, however, none could discover their origins, let us accept defeat."

While other pandits bowed their heads Kalidas rose and recited the full verse :

अभूत्तावीं विगा रसपति स्वि प्राण्य कनकम्
गतच्छात्र्य बन्धो नृपजन इव प्राण्य सदसि
अथान् श्रौणा स्मारा नृपजन इवा नृपमपराः
न राजन्ने दीपा द्विषिरहिताना मिव गृहाः

"O King", said Kalidas, "These four girls recited the four lines of this verse. I find that the girl who recited the first line comes from the community of goldsmiths, while the others belong to the Brahman, *Kshatriya* and *Vaisya* communities. Let our guests correct me if I am wrong."

The girls rose up on hearing this and paid their homage to Kalidas and confessed that he was correct in his guess.

All the same King Bhoja was very pleased with the girls and their merit. He lavished immense gifts upon them before they departed.





LIFE-GIVING MARGOSA

ONCE a Zamorin of Malabar ordered his minister to plant tamarind trees and groves all over his kingdom in order to increase his revenue.

Nambiar of Malabar was a physician of great renown. His expertness in herbal treatment was known all over India. The Arab Hakim, who was state physician to the Emperor at Delhi had a greater reputation as a nature-specialist, but Nambiar was considered almost as great as the Arab Hakim.

When Nambiar heard that the Zamorin had ordered that tamarind trees should be planted all over Malabar, he went to him and suggested that margosa trees should be planted instead of

tamarind trees which were not conducive to the health of the people.

"That is nonsense," said the Zamorin. "Tamarind trees are fine things. Tamarind is valuable stuff. Tamarind trees yield the best variety of charcoal. Tamarind buds make very tasteful dishes. These trees require no maintenance at all. Plant them on the road-side and in a few years they grow into giants giving cool shade for the weary traveller. What good is the bitter margosa tree? It is utterly useless."

Nambiar took leave of the Zamorin and went to the minister. The minister was glad to receive Nambiar. But Nambiar looked at the minister anxiously,

examined his eye-lids, his mouth and finally his pulse.

The minister smiled, saying, "What are you examining me for? I am all right."

"Now you are quite all right," said Nambiar gravely. "But you are in for a serious ailment in another six-months. I advise you to get treated in time."

"Then you had better start treating me," said the minister anxiously.

"I do not think I am capable of handling your trouble. It is better for you to see the great Hakim of Delhi," said Nambiar.

"Even if I take the trouble of making this long journey," said the minister, "would the Hakim care to attend to me?"

"Certainly. The Hakim is a very generous man. He pays attention even to the very poorest," said Nambiar. "In my opinion you have very little time to lose."

On the subject of health Nambiar's was the last word. The minister obtained a year's leave



from the king and prepared himself for the journey.

As the minister was about to start Nambiar advised him, "On the way take rest only in the shade of tamarind trees, camp only in tamarind groves at night. Use only tamarind twigs to brush your teeth and have your food cooked only with tamarind fuel."

The minister set foot to Delhi along with his retinue. On the way he followed Nambiar's injunctions to the letter. Long before he arrived at Delhi the minister's health began to fail.

He became weak and lost weight. His skin lost its colour and became pale.

"What a shrewd person! Nambiar could foresee this illness so much in advance," thought the minister.

On reaching Delhi he obtained an appointment with the Hakim without any difficulty. The Hakim inquired after Nambiar and then heard to the patient's story. He could guess that Nambiar sent this patient to him to prove the harm done by tamarind

trees to the health of men. "Your disease is a serious one," said the Hakim to the minister, "but the cure is simple. You can return home right away. Only, on your way back you rest only in the shade of margosa trees, fan yourself only with margosa branches, camp only in margosa groves, brush your teeth only with twigs of margosa. No other treatment is called for. Please do not forget to convey my respects to Nambiar. Good-bye, my friend."



Had anyone else given such advice the minister would have been thoroughly dissatisfied. But regarding matters of cure the Hakim's word was final and the minister started back home, strictly adhering to the Hakim's injunctions.

Long before he reached Malabar the minister began to recover from his ailments and by the time he reached home he appeared to be as healthy as ever and even more strong.

Nambiar came to see him and the minister recounted to him all his experiences.

"Let us go to the Zamorin," Nambiar said. "He should hear your story." They both went to the Zamorin to whom the minister told his surprising story.

"I owe an apology to both of you," said Nambiar unexpectedly. "The minister was fit as a fiddle when I sent him to Delhi. I wanted to prove how harmful tamarind trees could be. The Hakim proved the efficacy of the margosa without any prompting from me. Even now, I beg you to plant margosa trees all over the country and protect the health of the people. Cover all open spaces with margosa groves."

The Zamorin raised no objections this time. He issued an order for a tree-planting festival and margosa trees were planted by the million all over the kingdom. Due to this the health of the people improved greatly, thanks to the wisdom of Nambiar.





WOMAN'S COUNSEL

KING Khusrô of Persia was very fond of fish. One morning he was sitting on a terrace with his wife, Shirin, when a fisherman brought a fish and presented it to him. It was a big and rare fish. The king was so pleased with this gift that he ordered his servants to pay the fisherman four thousand silver pieces as reward.

Shirin was annoyed whenever the king gave away huge amounts of money out of joy. As soon as the fisherman was out of hearing she said to her lord, "What is the sense in giving so much money for one fish? Call him back and return him the fish on some pretext. Otherwise you will

have to pay for things on this scale in future."

"Is it not too mean for a king to take back what he has given? Let it pass," said Khusrô.

"It shall not pass," said the queen vehemently. "There is a way to manage the thing without appearing to be mean. Call back the fisherman and ask him whether this fish is male or female. If it is male ask for a female, if it is female ask for a male. Then you can return the fish and cancel the payment."

Khusrô decided to act up to her advice because he was very fond of her and did not wish to displease her. With a paining heart he called the fisherman

back and asked him, "Is this fish male or female?"

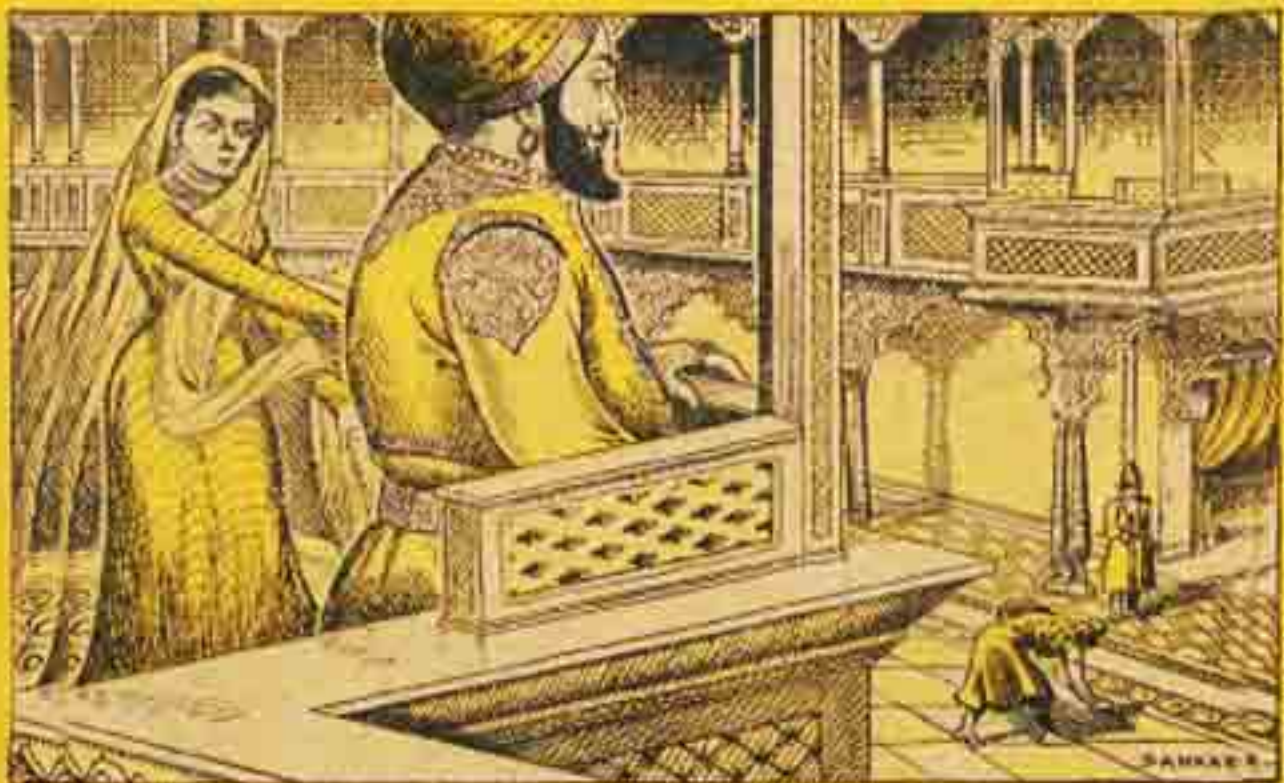
The fisherman bowed very low before the king and replied, "My lord, this variety of fish has no sex. It is both male and female. It lays eggs by itself."

King Khusro burst out laughing on hearing this and ordered that the fisherman should be paid eight thousand silver pieces instead of four. All this money was counted out to him and put in his basket.

As the fisherman was crossing the court-yard one of the silver pieces slipped out of the basket, fell on the paved floor and rolled away. At once the fisherman began hunting for it. After searching for a long time he found it, picked it up and put it back in the basket with very great satisfaction.

Khusro and Shirin were watching this from the terrace.

"What a mean fellow!" said Shirin. "See how he hunts for



one miserable coin instead of giving some poor man a chance of finding it and picking it up."

To please his queen Khusro once again called the fisherman back and began to rate him.

"You miserable skunk! You had a basketful of silver and yet did not want to lose one small piece. You were not generous enough to let some one else pick it up," Khusro said.

The fisherman bowed to the ground and replied, "May Allah preserve the king! I was not at all anxious to be richer by one silver piece. Because it carries the image of my king on one side and his sacred name on the other I considered it as sacred. If it was lying about on the

ground, I was worried, some one might step on it. When my king picks up out of the dust a fisherman who is not worth a silver piece, is it any wonder that I pick up a silver piece from the ground?"

Khusro was so pleased with the wit and cleverness of the fisherman that he ordered that he should be paid four thousand more silver pieces.

After this experience King Khusro came to the conclusion that woman's counsel was quite dangerous. He proclaimed throughout the city: "Let no one be guided by a woman. If any one does so he will have to commit two more mistakes in attempting to rectify one."





IMPOSTOR

[N the Himalayas there was once a great Sage who had five hundred disciples. Touring the land with them the Sage went from one country to another till one day he arrived at Panchal.

The king of Panchal was Renuka. He was very much honoured by the arrival of the Sage and his disciples. He gave them a great reception and lodged them in his extensive gardens.

"I beg you not to stand upon any formalities," the king told his guests. "You can stay here indefinitely for any length of time. I shall see that all your wants are satisfied."

The Sage spent the entire rainy season in that place and then

departed with his disciples. At the end of a day's travel they rested in a grove. While they were sitting and chatting about the great hospitality of the king of Panchal, some one said that it was a pity that such a fine ruler was not blessed with children to walk in his footsteps.

Hearing this, the Sage told his disciples, "But the king will have a son of very rare and divine virtue." This information gladdened the hearts of all, except one among his disciples.

This man had a dark and sinful soul. He thought up an evil plan. When the party started on its journey again, he pretended to be ill and fell behind, saying



that he would catch up with them later on.

Then he retraced his steps to Panchal and presented himself before the king. The king was surprised to see him again. He received the Evil One with due courtesy and asked for the cause of his return.

"Listen, O King!" the Evil One said. "After leaving this place we fell to talking about your goodness. We were all sorry that your cup of joy was not full because you are not yet blessed with children. Then I called up

my powers of divination and came to know that you are going to have a son who will be God incarnate. I thought you would be glad to know this. Now, with your permission I shall go back."

The king was glad beyond all description. "O, Holy One," he said. "Do not go. Your friends must have gone a very long way by now. Honour me by staying with me. I want you to bless my son when he is born. I shall put the garden at your disposal and you can live there happily."

This was what the Evil One wanted. He settled in the garden, grew all sorts of vegetables in it and had them sold by the gardener. He put away all this money for himself.

In course of time Bodhisatva was born to the king and they named him The Flower. He was brought up with exceptional care. When The Flower was about seven years old there occurred a war between Panchal and a neighbouring kingdom. The king went

away to fight the enemy and defend his kingdom.

The Flower, one day, came to visit the garden. There he saw a man wearing saffron clothes but watering and tending the plants just like a gardener. The boy at once knew that the man in saffron clothes was not the usual gardener but that he was gardening out of self-interest. So, he went up to the Evil One and said, "You gardener, what is it you do?"

At this the men accompanying the prince laughed heartily. But the Evil One was furious. If it was possible he would have killed the prince on the spot. That would get him into trouble with the king. So, he thought of a way by which he could get the king to punish his own son.

On the day the king was to return, the Evil One broke his water-bowl into pieces, strewed a lot of refuse around his cottage and lay in a corner, groaning loudly. The minute the king returned to his palace he proceeded to pay his respects to the



Evil One whom he still considered very holy.

The king was amazed to see the state of neglect in which the cottage was. He went in and asked the groaning man, "O, Holy One! What has happened to you?"

The Evil One replied, "This is all your son's doing. After the way he insulted me I should not have stayed here one minute. I only wanted to see you before I put my curse upon your country and went somewhere else!" He told the king what happened.



The king was greatly annoyed at the behaviour of his son.

"O, Holy One!" he said. "Do not worry yourself. I shall rather behead my son than see you displeased."

The king returned to his palace and sent his guards to drag forth his son.

The boy was sitting with his mother, the queen, when the guards came for him. They told the queen about the king's orders and begged her to send the prince. The boy willingly followed them to the king.

He said to the king, "Sir, I hear that you want me to be put to death. May I know how I deserve this punishment?"

"How dare you ask me reasons for my order, you wretch? Is it not reason enough that you addressed the holiest of men and my honoured guest as a gardener?"

"Father, you do not seem to know how this holiest of holy men engages himself. Any servant of the palace should be able to enlighten you," the prince said.

On inquiring in various quarters it was revealed to the king that the Evil One was growing vegetables in the garden and having them sold for himself. This had been going on for years and years. A search of the cottage revealed lots of money hidden away by the Evil One.

"Now, father, you can understand why I addressed the man as a gardener. He was nothing but a gardener," said the prince. "I do not want to remain in a

kingdom ruled by a thoughtless king and harbouring a spiteful holy man. I shall seek my peace in other surroundings."

The king was smitten with remorse.

"Son, overlook my haste. From now on you be the ruler. But do not go away," he pleaded with his son.

"Father," said the divine child, "know that words are mighty, powerful things. A word has an effect upon man just as a herb has. The thoughtless word is like a wrongly administered herb. Its evil effect must be endured. Good words are like correctly administered drugs and they do good. Evil words came out of your mouth. Your guards

dragged me away from my mother to behead me. You can repent all this at your leisure but I am leaving now."

The king requested the queen to dissuade the prince from his purpose but the queen refused to do so. When the prince came to bid her goodbye she said, "Son, you are the incarnation of virtue. Lead a pure and virtuous life wherever you are."

The Flower went to the Himalayan regions. He made himself a cottage and spent his life in penance.

The king of Panchal ordered the spiteful, Evil One to be put to death and issued orders that no hermits should be given hospitality in his kingdom any more.





THE KING-MAKER

THE king of Bilaspur spent all his time in nothing but luxuries. As a result of this, while he was middle-aged, his hair became white, his face wrinkled and his joints weak. These indications of old age made the king very anxious.

He sent for his physician and asked him, "Can you cure me of this old age and restore my youth? I shall reward you to your heart's content."

The physician said, "O king! I know the secret of Eternal Youth. In six months I shall make a new man of you."

It was announced all over the kingdom that the king was about to retire for six months.

The physician ordered that an underground chamber should be

built for the king, away from the city. The king entered this chamber which was always kept completely dark. Except the physician no one could enter it.

The physician went on administering all sorts of medicines to the king. But the only effect they had on the king was to make him still more old. Soon he developed some illness and died a miserable death. The physician promptly buried him in that very chamber so that no one knew of the king's death.

Then the physician began to search on the highways for a youth who had some resemblance to the dead king. One day he found such a youth.

The physician said to him, "If you obey me and do as I

tell you, I can make you king.”
The youth agreed.

The physician brought him to the dark chamber and told him all about the king and his death. Then he sent word to the ministers and officials of the court to come and visit the king.

When the ministers and officials came the physician told them, “The king is still under treatment, though he is now considerably younger than before. You will have to meet him in total darkness. I suggest that you go in to him one by one, announce yourselves by name and position, give him the latest information regarding state affairs and come out.”

By this trick the youth in the dark chamber came to know the names of his courtiers and the latest news about the state. For six months these officials kept coming and going. After that the physician announced that the king’s treatment was complete.

An auspicious day was fixed for the king’s return. On that day the entire population was



outside the underground chamber to hail their king.

When the king came out every one was thunder-struck at the change in him. But for a slight resemblance he was altogether a new man.

“Thanks to my treatment the king shall never become old again. If necessary, I am capable of changing his appearance beyond recognition,” said the physician. This was a threat to the young man who was pretending to be the king. The young man alone understood this threat.

The king was taken to the court in a great procession and crowned afresh. The courtiers named him Ajara, which means one who has defeated old age.

Now the wily physician was the most powerful man in court. His word was law even for the senior ministers. His orders were of the same importance as the king's orders. The physician began to take a mean advantage of this situation. He dictated to the new king without the slightest hesitation on every matter of importance to the state.

The new king tolerated the physician very patiently for a long time. Then he called him alone and said, "Your behaviour is not proper. Since you have made me king you may order

me as you please. But you should not interfere with the ministers and other officials."

"Ah, power has already gone to your head! When I do not care a fig for you, is it likely that I shall care for your ministers and other menials? It is wiser for you not to forget that I have made you what you are!" said the physician in a rage.

The king replied, "You are a wily man. It was foolish of me to have received help from a rogue. But it will be much more foolish to be grateful to you for such help." So saying, the king took out a dagger and stabbed the wily physician to the heart.

Later king Ajara ruled the land happily for a long time.





THE SWORN MAID

KING Vijaya had a daughter, Ratnavali by name. While she was still a child her old nurse used to tell her this tale every day.

"Once upon a time there was a pigeon couple in a certain forest. They had four nestlings. One day the forest caught fire and the poor nestlings got caught in it because they could not fly. Seeing her young destroyed in the fire their mother, the hen-pigeon got heart-broken and decided to destroy herself in the fire. The cock-pigeon too came to the same decision and they both flew together towards the flames. But half-way the cock changed his mind and said to his mate, 'Let us not kill ourselves. If we are alive we may have other young ones. But if we are lost, every-

thing is lost.' 'Fie upon you!' said the hen. 'You are not at all worried at the sad death of our young ones. I shall not listen to you.' Then she flew into the raging flames and got destroyed. Never believe the males. They are all swine!"

After listening to this story the innocent princess asked the old nurse, "Then what happened to the dead pigeon?"

The nurse laughed and said, "Oh, she was born as a daughter to our king and she is now my sweet pigeon." Then she kissed the princess.

In course of time the old nurse died and the princess forgot her. But she remembered the tale of the pigeons and its moral very vividly.



She began to believe that it was all her own personal experience.

One day she went to her father, the king, and asked him that he should provide her with a nice cottage in the gardens and issue orders forbidding all males from setting foot in the gardens.

"How is that, my dear child?" asked the king. "Why such aversion to males? I am hoping to find a husband for you soon."

"That is quite out of the question," said Princess Ratnavali. "I am not going to marry in a thousand births."

Some time elapsed and one day a young prince and his companion came along the highway that ran past the gardens in which Princess Ratnavali was leading a life of seclusion, surrounded by her maids. The young men were so pleased with the gardens that they wanted to rest there for a while.

The moment they set foot in the gardens they heard some one shout, "Get out! Keep out!" One of the maids approached them and said, "You seem to be strangers. This place is the abode of our princess and if you trespass the king will punish you."

"We do not intend to abduct your princess," said the prince.

"Our princess hates the very sight and sound of males. You had better go," said the maid.

So, the two young men came on to the road again. "Something tells me," said the prince to his companion, "that I must marry this princess, somehow."

"Let me first ascertain whether she is worth the trouble," said his companion. They rode into the city and put up at the house

of an old hotel-keeper. They asked the old lady, "We hear that your princess does not tolerate even the sight of males. Is she ugly?"

"What are you saying?" the old lady protested. "Princess Ratnavali is very beautiful."

"Then why does she hate men?" the companion asked.

"That is a close secret, my dears," said the old woman, dropping her voice. "Let this go no further. Our princess was a pigeon in her last birth. She had four young ones all of which got burnt to death in a forest-fire. Then she wanted to commit suicide along with her mate who agreed at first but deserted her half-way. Then she died alone and was later blessed with a human existence."

"How did this secret come to light?" asked the young man.

"Princess Ratnavali is blessed with the knowledge of her previous birth," said the old woman.

The next morning they started on their way. But instead of going away they changed their dresses



and returned to the city and went to the king's court.

"Who are you? Where are you from?" the king asked them.

"We are from Nepal, O King," said the prince's companion to the king. "This is my master, a renowned sorcerer and magician. At his command the desert is covered with grass and dead trees bear fruit. You must see his magic and reward him duly."

"Good," said the king. "Let us arrange his performance near our gardens so that my daughter too shall enjoy it."



The young fellow smote his forehead and said, "Never, O king! My master, the Master Wizard of the World, hates the very sight and sound of a female. If you insist on the ladies we will have to depart at once."

"Be reasonable," said the king. "What harm is there if the girls sit behind screens without being seen by you?"

"So long as we do not see them and hear them they are welcome," the young man said.

So preparations for the magic performance were carried out.

An arena was specially provided for the princess and her maids with a screen through which they could see the magic performance without being seen.

The prince who was supposed to give the performance addressed his audience thus :

"You must all excuse me for insisting that my act should not be witnessed openly by ladies. There is a reason for it and I shall tell it to you. In my last birth I was a wild pigeon. I was very happy with my mate and we had some young. But, as ill-luck would have it, all our young got burnt up in a forest fire. This was such a severe blow to us that I and my mate decided to commit suicide. At the last moment my mate gave me the slip and I flew into the flames alone. I shall never, never believe a female, nor shall I marry in a thousand lives. I curse my mate that she shall be without a mate until eternity. It was only my virtue that made me acquire this rare gift of sorcery which you will now witness."

"Lies! Foul lies!" came a shout from behind the curtains and the next instant Princess Ratnavali rushed forth shouting at the sorcerer, "It was you who gave me the slip and I that committed suicide!"

"Good gracious! I? I died in the flames the moment you disappeared!" shouted the prince.

"You tried to fool me. You said that we could have more young ones," said the princess.

"Ah, that was only to test the strength of your will. If God wanted us to have the young ones he would not have taken them away in the first place and I knew it. But no sooner than I said it you slipped off and let me die alone, you cheat!" the prince thundered.

His companion pretended to soothe the ruffled prince, saying, "Let bygones be bygones, Master. Fate has brought you together again. Stop quarrelling and be happy. That is the wish of one and all here, if I am right."

The prince appeared to calm down. He approached the princess saying, "Excuse my indignation. I honestly believed that you did not fly into the flames."

"On the contrary," said the princess remorsefully, "It is you who has to pardon my silly mistake. I thought you abandoned me."

In effect the only magic the prince performed was eradicating the princess's prejudice for males and marriage. For which act of sorcery the king rewarded him with his daughter's hand.



THE MOON



LAST month we learnt some facts about the Moon. Let us learn a few more this month.

* Thousands of millions of years ago the Earth was a ball of liquid fire. Part of its substance somehow got away and solidified into another body. This was the Moon. In the distant past the Moon was much nearer the Earth than it is now. Gradually it receded farther and farther away.

* The Moon revolves round the Earth, not in a perfect circle, but in an oval. It comes nearer and again goes farther.

* Like the Earth, the Moon too rotates on its axis. But it rotates only once by the time it completes one circle round the Earth, so that only one face of the Moon is visible to us. (If you keep a lamp in the centre of a room and go round it, facing the lamp all the time, you will find that you have rotated just once.)

* The Earth makes one rotation in 24 hours which is one day for us. The Moon takes 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes and 11 seconds to complete one rotation, as well as to go once round the Earth. That is a day for the Moon. Half this day is night for the Moon.

* The Earth is partly protected from the heat of the Sun on account of the layer of air that surrounds it and absorbs some of the Sun's radiation. Not having any atmosphere whatsoever, the Moon gets the full intensity of the Sun's heat. During a period of about 14 days half of the Moon is exposed to this enormous heat, while the other half is in darkness and is extremely cold.

* The sky looks blue to us and we cannot see stars during the day because the bright blue rays from the Sun are scattered in our atmosphere. But on the Moon where there is no atmosphere the sky looks jet black and the stars can be seen while the Sun is shining brilliantly in a part of the sky.

PORTRAIT ON THE WALL—2

WHILE working in the fields Chuang could not forget the lady of the portrait even for a minute. He stopped working as soon as it was evening and hurried home.

When he came within sight of the house he looked up and was struck with wonder. For, smoke was coming out of his chimney. There was no one in the house, yet something was going on in the kitchen! He pushed the door open and was still more surprised to see big dumplings cooking on the stove.

Chuang took them down and sat to a hearty meal. While he ate the dumplings greedily, the lady of the portrait smiled at him. But Chuang did not notice it.

The next day, he left his tattered coat at home, saying, "Yesterday, some maiden was kind enough to cook me a dinner. Maybe, today, she will mend my coat."

He went to the fields and purposely returned home early. Instead of entering his house, he peeped through the window. What was Chuang's surprise when he saw that the picture on the wall was empty and the lady of the portrait was sitting at the table, mending his coat!

Chuang rushed in and grasped the maiden's hand. "Please," he begged, "never go back to the picture again."

"I'll stay with you," said the girl shyly. "You are a good and honest man."

Overjoyed, Chuang rolled up the empty picture and hid it away. Chuang and the girl knelt before the hearth and pledged themselves as man and wife.

Picture Story



ONE day Vass went to see Dass. There he saw three huge pumpkins on a bench. Vass was struck with an idea to frighten the servant maid. He took out his penknife and cut out eyes and mouths from the three pumpkins.

Dass finished the pumpkins with suitable colours. Seeing the servant maid coming, both Dass and Vass hid behind two pumpkins while "Tiger" too hid behind the third.

The servant maid came in, saw the fearsome heads on the bench and was scared to death. She gave a shout and ran away while Dass and Vass held their sides laughing.



OUR PRIME MINISTER'S TOUR OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP

Our Prime Minister, Nehru recently went on a tour of Czechoslovakia, Russia, Poland, Austria, Yugoslavia and other countries on a mission of Peace and Friendship. On June 5 he left India along with his daughter, Indira Gandhi, by air to Prague, capital of Czechoslovakia. On the way he touched Cairo

and had a talk with the Egyptian Prime Minister, Col. Nasser.

Arriving at Prague on June 6 Nehru had a reception from the Czech Prime Minister, Siroky and others. On June 7 he arrived at Moscow and had a historic welcome, 9 top leaders of U. S. S. R. including Marshall Bulganin,



Prime Ministers of India & Czechoslovakia

40 ministers and 2,000 representatives of various organisations came to the airport to receive him. Indian and Soviet National Anthems were played.

During these days Nehru had several talks with Soviet leaders, visited several places and factories, the Mausoleum where the bodies of Lenin and Stalin are kept, attended the various parties and dinners arranged in his honour,

and had a ride on the Moscow Underground railway. He paid a visit to the Moscow University which is housed in a building of 32 floors and has 20,000 students studying in it.

Nehru began his tour of the Soviet Union on June 11. He went to Stalingrad on the Volga, famous for its resistance to the Nazis. While here, he paid a visit to the Stalin Hydro-electric Project.



Nehru greeted by workers from a machine making factory in Urala

From here he flew to Ukraine. Among the places he visited in this area was Yalta and the place where Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill met during the last war.

From Yalta Nehru went to Tbilisi, capital of Georgia, home of Stalin. Here he paid a visit to the steel mill at Rustavi. Via Turkman Republic Nehru reached the city of Tashkent where he was welcomed in Urdu. 200 miles

from Tashkent, Samarkand is a historical place where there are great relics like the tomb of Tamerlane. Nehru paid a visit here. At Tashkent he saw a textile mill and a collective farm.

From Tashkent Nehru flew to Alma Ata, capital of Kazakhstan and then to the Altai region where 60,000 acres of virgin land has been recently sown to wheat with up-to-date machines.



Nehru had a warm welcome at Tashkent airport

On June 19 Nehru arrived at Leningrad where he saw some industrial plants. On June 21, he returned to Moscow and was permitted to visit an atomic power plant. When Nehru left Moscow for Poland there was a great send-off.

The Polish Prime Minister, Defence Minister and others received Nehru at Warsaw. Nehru went round seeing the destruction caused by bombing in the last war. He also

went on a visit to the cities of Stalinogrod and Silesia.

On June 26, Nehru reached Vienna, capital of Austria where Chancellor Raab and others received him. There was a State Banquet in his honour. After staying here for 3 days, Nehru went to Yugoslavia.

At Belgrade Marshal Tito and other high officials of Yugoslavia received him. Nehru stayed 7 days in this



Nehru with young Pioneers of Poland

country and visited several places including Sarajevo where Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated in 1914 as a result of which World War I broke out.

On July 7, Nehru arrived at Rome and the next day had an interview with the Pope. The next night he arrived at London and had talks with Sir Anthony Eden, the British Prime Minister. Nehru left London on July 10 and arrived in India on July 12.

During the five weeks of his tour Nehru had a tremendous welcome wherever he went. Crowds gathered to see him everywhere and in several places he was mobbed. His tour reveals the great love other countries possess for India, her people and her great leader. He is acclaimed as a champion of peace and several countries signed joint declarations of peace and friendship with Nehru and India. ★



Prime Minister Nehru and Marshal Tito toast each other



NEWS ITEMS

The three-man States reorganisation Commission which started work on March 1, 1954 has gone to 100 places in 24 different states, travelled 36,437 miles, interviewed 8,943 persons and received 140,000 memoranda by the middle of June. It will submit its report by the end of September next.

Under the first Five-year Plan several new radio stations were set up. The last of them was inaugurated at Simla by Dr. B. V. Keskar, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting on June 16.

The eight surviving members of the crew of "Kashmir Princess", the Air India Constellation which was destroyed with a time-bomb on April 11, were awarded Ashoka Chakra for displaying exemplary courage, coolness and devotion to duty in the face of imminent and fatal danger.

On June 20, solar eclipse occurred. For Ceylon it was complete and lasted for four minutes. In South India it was 95 per cent., in Madras 86 per cent., and in Kashmere at the extreme north of India, about 20 percent.



Prime Minister Nehru of India, while touring the Soviet Union, extended an invitation to Prime Minister Marshal Bulganin to visit India. The invitation was accepted.

In the second half of 1954 Indian Civil Aircraft flew 132 lakhs of miles, carried 2,82,405 passengers, nearly 10 crore lbs. of freight and 61 lakh lbs. of mail.

On July 1, State Bank of India was inaugurated with a meeting of the board of directors in Bombay. Dr. John Matthai is Chairman of the board. This bank succeeds the Imperial Bank of India.

Soviet Aviation Day was celebrated in Moscow on July 3, to which the Indian Air Force Chief, Air Marshal S. Mukerjee, was invited. The display included some new types of aircraft.

Chittaranjan Factory which is now manufacturing 150 locomotives a year will be manufacturing 300 under the Second Five-year Plan. Under the Railway Development Plan Rs. 1500 crores will be spent. 3,000 miles of new line will be laid and 2,500 miles of old line will be doubled.

Under the Second Five-year Plan Rs. 400 crores are to be spent on the expansion of electric power generation in the country. Under the plan the Health Ministry will spend Rs. 208 crores out of which 90 crores will be spent on water supply and sanitation schemes all over the country. 300 T. B. clinics are to be started.



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